

THE
CHARACTER
OF
MANLIUS STIMSON CLARKE.

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

MAY 1, 1853.

BY

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

BOSTON:
CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,
111 WASHINGTON STREET.
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AFTER a considerable delay, I have yielded to the request of friends, that this sermon should be printed. It is urged, that every possible means ought to be used to extend the influence of a character so admirably fitted as Mr. Clarke's to quicken a Christian life in young men. If I can serve, in the least, any such object, I will not now keep back this unstudied address to my own people after his funeral. Indeed, as these intervening weeks have constantly revived, in many ways, the sense of an unspeakable loss, the consolation has been only the more needful and precious, furnished by the thought that his early death may have achieved a good, in this direction, which is really dependent on his removal,—a good which, in kind if not in degree, is such as his life on earth, if prolonged to age, could not have secured. Now, his character stands before men as one that was formed into preëminent maturity and spiritual power in the beginning of manhood. Had he lived on, what is most striking and special in this impression might have been lost in the appropriate attainments of his later years. Death has thus arrested attention, and fixed it on him, as a man that was an earnest disciple while he was young; it has consecrated him to the cause of early religion, and made him an example, an encouragement, and a model, as one who conquered the world's evil while its attractions were most flattering and its promises were most brilliant.

F. D. H.

September 22, 1853.

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CHARACTER

OF

MANLIUS STIMSON CLARKE.

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"THE RIGHTEOUS IS AN EVERLASTING FOUNDATION." — PROV. X. 25. 4

WE never overvalue a really Christian man. By its very nature, such a contribution to the vital and eternal powers of humanity is beyond our estimates. Spiritual forces, embodied in living characters, are incalculable. We may speak erroneously, or even falsely, of them ; through partial insight and oblique judgments, we probably do this oftener than we think ; we do not adjust their proportions rightly, nor set them in God's light. But we never exaggerate their worth.

And if the line of their influence were really broken and ended, when such men die, the bereavement would be far deeper and more dreadful than it ever seems. No mortal mourning can measure the loss involved in the utter quenching of one of these immortal fires. The righteous — whosoever "liveth

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and believeth" in Jesus — shall never die. The ceasing of a melody leaves us yearning in the silence; but it cannot bear away from us the calmer mood, the firmer confidence, the serener hopes, nor any other spiritual gift which the remembered strain bequeathed.

"The righteous is an everlasting foundation." All else fluctuates; but here is rock immovable. Accomplishments, learning, beauty, empire, fame, wealth,— none of these, if I interpret the religion of Jesus fairly, are despicable things; some of them, and all of them if righteously held and used, hold a rank of dignity in the order of the Almighty Father's favors. But they are limited, and they pass. We can see to their end. We can reach round them with a mortal measuring-line. Not so with Christian goodness. This borrows infinity from the Parent Soul. It takes its place, and nothing can put it aside. The most persevering and obstinate stupidity cannot ignore it. A righteous man roots himself among the ineradicable realities of God. Contempt, opposition, malice, never discrown his royalty. The strength he stands in is the Almighty's, not his own. The Holy Spirit is the principle of his immortality. Even the welfare of this world leans against him. All the mightiest and dearest

interests hang by his hand. Ten such have saved a city. In peril, communities rally round about him. In their shallow comfort, selfish crowds may refuse to thank him; nevertheless, because Omnipotence is on his side, he is sure to be a winner at last. He is a foundation.

But the chief word in the affirmation of the proverb is the word *everlasting*. That hides in itself our divine consolation; for it takes “the righteous” out from under the power of death. It pledges perpetuity to his power. It prophesies what the disciple realizes, that whosoever liveth and believeth in Jesus shall never die.

I come before you this morning, fellow-worshippers, without the choice of a subject. Our thoughts are preoccupied, at God’s bidding, by one heavy theme. Common usage exempts the brother from funeral offices for his brother. And inasmuch as I am to speak of a friend hardly less near than a brother, you will let me speak without formality, simply and familiarly. If we sorrow in the spirit of his own life, it will be with moderation, — with some tones of grateful triumph and animating cheer, caught from his own victorious faith, mingled in our voice of mourning, and with a hope full of immortality.

In its exterior features, the earthly life of Manlius

Stimson Clarke did not differ by any striking incidents from that of a considerable proportion of the better order of New England men. Born in the town of Norton, in this State, of a pure and honored stock,—the son of a devout and faithful minister of the Gospel, whose firmness of purpose and unshrinking conscience he seems to have inherited,—and growing up among the healthful influences of a religiously guarded family, and an inartificial village society, it is nowise difficult to trace the beginnings of his riper excellence. I am told, that his youth was full of grace and duty, that his natural vivacity was marred by no vicious propensities, and that there was a singular blamelessness in his boyish behaviour, as there was a rare devotedness in his filial love,—thus affording a wholesome contradiction to the impudent pretence sometimes set up, that a strong maturity must have come out through an experience of prodigal recklessness. His principles, planted by a Christian father and mother before the world's foolishness had time to meddle with his innocence, grew with him. The studies preparatory to his collegiate course were pursued partly under the direction of his father, and partly at the Bristol Academy in Taunton. Shaping his course with care, economy, and energy, he was honorably graduated at Cambridge, in 1837,

in a class remarkable both for the intellectual ability it originally embraced, and for the number of brilliant lights that have gone out from it since its academic separation. He followed the study of the Law, partly in the office of his elder brother,* and partly in the Dane Law School at Cambridge. In 1840 he was admitted to the bar. Since the commencement of his practice in this city, his career has been uniform in honor, consistent with itself, and steadily advancing. I suppose no man among us, of his age, in his profession, was regarded by his fellows as having a sounder reputation, or clearer prospects. To some of you his progress has been known from the beginning. You remember with what public spirit he has always promoted your local enterprises, and the zeal with which he forwarded some of them, while a member of the municipal government. On the 20th of February, ten weeks ago this morning, as we left the church, he informed me of the first symptoms of his disorder; and of that disorder, on Wednesday, the 27th of April, he died.

We are thus made a whole parish of mourners. Of all the beneficent relations by which Mr. Clarke bound himself to the world of living men, it becomes me, in whatever place, to speak first of what he has

* Hon. John J. Clarke, of Roxbury.

been to this religious organization, in the different forms of its activity.

Mr. Clarke was evidently one of those men who believe that the Divine claims on a Christian citizen cannot be satisfied, without some punctual and steady service rendered to the established order of Christian institutions. He would not be controlled either by the indifference or the sluggishness that so often leaves these greatest concerns in our civilized state to the care, or carelessness, of one's neighbors. He was not content to take the Sabbatical advantages, and the social credit, that are yielded from a bare attendance at the sanctuary, without lending the toil of his hand, the contrivance of his brain, the energy of his will, to the maintenance of a parish prosperity. I am not aware of any predisposing causes, outside of his own conscience, that should have acted particularly on him, rather than hundreds of other young men of a right education and of early principles, prompting him to bear a leading part in the conduct of the affairs of a congregation. His interest in this direction was the offspring of a simple conviction of duty. And therefore, though the expressions of that interest were always delicate and unassuming, he soon came to be trusted with an unusual share of responsibility; a trust that he never failed to discharge, as you know, with scrupulous faithfulness.

The unpretending but efficient succession of his exertions among us is fresh in all your memories. Connecting his family with this place of worship at about the period of the commencement of its present ministry, he has been ever since, at every hour, my ready coadjutor, and your disinterested servant. Much of this time he has been induced to act as the Chairman of your Standing Committee; and with what uniform courtesy, candor, and generosity he has borne himself in that office, you may learn from the hearty testimony of his associates. Wherever there was confusion to be simplified, or embarrassment requiring cautious expedients, or any fresh enterprise to be achieved, he had a clear eye, a fertile invention, a wise forecast, to encounter the difficulty. And when your affairs reached more stability, and these efforts seemed to have attained good success, no one rejoiced in the prosperity more deeply than he. But what was best of all, he would never advocate a success that was disordered by any secret unfairness, nor suffer his zeal for a favorite method to betray him into contempt for an opposing opinion. He could be earnest without passion, and decided without obstinacy. For one, I am eager to accord to him his noble share in whatever strength and concord Providence has permitted us to acquire.

It cannot be otherwise than proper for me to communicate the fact, that when, a few weeks ago, it was decided that an addition was needed to the number of deacons officiating in our church body, the committee of nomination had agreed unanimously to offer one of the places, notwithstanding his youth, to a man otherwise so deserving the honor; and it was only the disability of his disease that delayed, as his death finally prevented, his election to that office.

If we will not suffer his offices to cease among us, my brethren, let our future course exhibit the same spirit, and be guided by the same principles,—blending energy with harmony. Study the honest prudence he always counselled. Preserve the healthy peace, for which he was ready to sacrifice a personal preference or secondary projects. Promote that activity for which he was willing to toil, even amidst the cares of an exhausting vocation. There are men enough among you, capable of putting a strong hand to the cause at the very spot where his has fallen, if only the same zeal for religious purity, the same hereditary sentiment of New England reverence, the same ancestral loyalty to the courts of God's praise and the Church of Christ, live on in your breasts.

What an impulse of power would be lent to our churches, if every competent man were thus to cast

himself into some one of them, with the sacred resolution to contribute an unstinted expenditure of pains and prayer, to make the Christian cause for ever missionary, and the kingdom of Christ progressive ! The qualifications for such service never lie beyond the reach of the humblest social station, or the most limited resources. The great kingdom of righteousness is willing to be aided and blessed—nay, it waits to be—by the united faith and labors of our believing laymen. Here is precisely where the wheels labor, and our spiritual life stagnates. Unconcern breeds inaction, and inaction sinks into atrophy, and ends in spiritual death. Young men are continually and fallaciously taking it for granted that they belong outside the Church, rather than within it. Careful to seize their portion in the commercial advantages or the professional emoluments of a thriving community, they leave the very basis of all public prosperity, the Christian Church, to some little band of persons that have been snatched out of the general apathy, as it were by violence,—driven hither by some stress of affliction, or gently pushed by the yearnings of a naturally meditative and inexposed constitution. It is to our shame, that the actual force of the most vital, essential, and commanding institution in Christendom,—that from which all others take their

security and dignity, and the nearest, in its shaping, to the heavenly pattern,—should show so constant a disproportion between its masculine and feminine elements. Christ's Church wants men, as well as women. If our Christianity is ever to be made aggressive on the dominion of evil,—if it is to go forth conquering the world, and to conquer,—if it is to be pressed down into cellars, dens, hovels, the kennels where practical pagans wallow in sensuality and filth under the shadow of Christian steeples,—if it is to be pressed up into those glittering saloons and fashionable palaces where a paganism flaunts its decorations that is just as sensual, perhaps, though less foul in manners, and harder to be converted,—if it is to attain its only possible supremacy by resisting vice, moderating the spirit of aggrandizement, checking ambition, controlling fashion, directing legislation, sanctifying politics, redeeming commerce, lifting up the oppressed, equalizing privileges, brightening and beautifying the whole face of society,—it must be borne forward to these majestic tasks of renewal, on the strong shoulders, by the sturdy valor, of manly believers. Our young merchants, mechanics, lawyers, physicians, school-teachers, must come to feel that there is no fitter sphere for the exercise of their soundest judgment and bravest ability, than the

Church of the living God, with all its reforms, its charities, its thousand-fold benefactions. Where are these living traders and enterprising workmen to be, when the windows are darkened, and the silver cord is loosed, and the grave's gate has shut in dread silence behind them, as it has after our departed brother in the very fulness of his vigor and the morning of his hope? Honor to him, that he stood for Christ as soon as he stood in the vineyard of his manhood, and as long; that the pressures of a calling depending on his own application never diverted him from the holy errands of the Master; that his life, sickness, death, were crowned with the glory of a Christian consecration and a manly faith!

It was the same conviction of a public responsibility to religion that assigned him his place in the parish Sunday School. He felt the Christian faith to be not only something to be received, but something to be imparted, and as involving not only a privilege to be enjoyed, but a trust to be discharged. He heeded the apostolic exhortation, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." And in the absence of a more imposing apparatus of missions, he accepted such as was put in his way, and made a mission-field among the children of the congregation. It cannot be without some sacrifice of comfort, that a

mind which has been strained with the problems and perplexities of a crowded week comes to take up a new anxiety, in the leisure hours of the Sabbath. But what — I ask a question that our friend's practice nobly answered, — what were the glory of life, without sacrifice ? The simple fact, that there was a work to be done which he could do, was always argument enough for his willing spirit. How shall I speak my thanks for all the cheerful help he brought me in this nearest post to my own, entering into my own labor and ministry ; — first as the teacher of a class, whose endeared members will not forget the wisdom of his counsel, the carefulness of his preparation, the conscientious engagement in those studies of both his intellect and his heart ; afterwards as the Superintendent, where his executive talent, his regularity of habit, his considerate and sympathizing temper, soon won him the confidence of every instructor and scholar ?

Some one has said, “ Only a good man can be a teacher,” even in secular learning. But how well his transparent soul would bear even that rigid test ! No wonder his pupils drank the water of life at his hand, when they saw how it invigorated the stock of his own character, and colored his daily life with the beauty of holiness.

There was a cluster of tender affections in our friend's breast, that laid a ready hold upon the young. Their joyous, guileless natures met affinities in his own. In all true manliness there are elements of pity and love. This pure heart never found a more congenial atmosphere to open its affections in, than among the innocent joys of children ; — and how well he knew, as his words and doings proved, that none of their joys could be satisfying, except they were disciplined by the precepts of Jesus, and matured into the hopes of an immortal peace !

Two matters of a wider reach into our general social and religious state occupied, of late, a liberal share of his concern ; I mean the Domestic Mission for Destitute and Vagrant Children in the city, and the Young Men's Christian Union. To the former of these movements he was predisposed by his prior engagements in the general Sunday School cause, and he was, at the time of his death, the efficient President of the Association. One of his latest acts was to dictate, from his sick-bed, a letter of advice respecting the future management of the Mission. The government of the Christian Union have attested their appreciation of all his peculiar devotion to their undertaking. That object found a capable and whole-hearted advocate in him, from its inception, and no

desire of his was more sincere than to extend its salutary attractions to every young man liable to need its moral helps.

Mr. Clarke belonged to a profession which admits, I suppose, as much occasion for the exercise of moral power as any other, unless it should be the one that is distinctly given over to ethical and spiritual inquiries. When I recall the names of those incorrupt lawyers who have been, through laborious and fruitful, though unrecorded lives, the unselfish counsellors of circuits and neighborhoods, as well as those other names of jurists and advocates that History has committed in letters of light to her immortal pages, like Marshall, Story, Kent, Ames, and Wirt of our own country, to cite none from other nations and centuries, I can yield no consent to the vulgar allegations of a universal legal corruptibleness. What it concerns us to know is what examples like these — and our friend has added another to them — have taught us by a living witness, — that upright lawyers are not only possibilities, but facts, and that successful pleaders may be blameless men. Some of the most interesting conversations I ever had with my friend touched this point. It was one very near to his deepest concern and his highest aspirations in life. If he had one overmastering ambition, I think it was to demon-

strate the reality of a single-hearted and morally unimpeachable success in the practice of law. Success he desired, as I think he or any other man is justified in desiring it; but never success at the price of a particle of his conscience, — and success as truly for the sake of the honor of virtue, as of any personal fame. Many persons shared, in his behalf, so earnestly in this lofty aim of his own soul, that they will find a chief occasion for their grief in its early interruption. But, thank God, it did not fail. The respect of his professional associates during his life-time, their unusual cordiality of testimony since his death, are proofs how well his straight and single purpose had written its impression out on their understandings, and how clear a mark his open career has left on all the places that knew him. It was only a just tribute from one of the oldest and ablest counsellors at the Massachusetts bar, when he said, “I have watched his course and heard his pleadings, and however the character of our profession, as to its higher attributes, may have degenerated in these modern times, Clarke had the ring of the true metal.”

The aspect of the law that most won his regard was that which presents it as the human interpretation of the eternal rule of right and wrong; in effect, what the learned Hooker describes it to be in that

familiar eloquent passage, where he declares: “Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage,— the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power: both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, with uniform consent admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy”; and Burke, when he claims for it that it is “one of the first and noblest of human sciences,— a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding, than all other sciences put together.” Burke adds, that “it is *not* apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and *liberalize* the mind exactly in the same proportion.” But however it happened with Mr. Clarke, I never could discover that his nature suffered any contraction from the limitations of his pursuits. It kept its singular breadth, its expansiveness, its flexibility, through all the assiduities of his close application. Above all, in the excitements of his cause, he never lost sight of the everlasting arbitrament of right. Submitting with due veneration to the decisions of the mortal bench, he anticipated the review and readjustment of all questions before the final judgment. He spoke into the ear of another judiciary than the one he

saw before him. He knew that he also must give account at another tribunal. So his best efforts were made in causes where his sense of right or wrong met the most powerful secret appeal. And the professional triumphs he referred to with most unalloyed satisfaction were those where he felt sure some wronged sufferer was vindicated, or some villainous plot was countervailed. The office, the court-house, the reference-chamber, were all as open, in his consciousness, to the eye of the unsleeping Equity, as the church where he loved to worship. Juries saw conviction in his countenance; and I have no doubt he gained more verdicts by his integrity than his ingenuity. A trial was something more to him than an arena for intellectual gladiatorship, or wordy subtleties, or hair-splitting definitions of quaint and ancient phrases. Not that he was ever guilty of disrespect for legal acumen, or authorities, or precedents; on the contrary, he was a diligent student, and relished as much as any the adornments of literature, the brilliancies of wit, and the charm of classical skill. But he knew that real eloquence had a deeper foundation than the thirst for applause, and a more sacred necessity than a lust for fame. In the sharp contentions of a session, he was content that

“ His armor was his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.”

Worldly honor was not enough. The sanctions he acted under must be distinctly Christian sanctions. He must carry his New Testament into court with his Law Reports. He must plead by the Sermon on the Mount, as much as by Chitty. I know of instances where the clearness of his moral insight, resulting from the discipline of his moral perceptions,—something never to be taken up, let the law student understand, at any law school,—guided him securely through the intricacies of examinations of witnesses where mere dialectic adroitness would have failed him, and gained him signal advantages over his opponents. Crime never lost its appalling horrors to him, nor vice its hatefulness, nor meanness its detestable stoop, by familiarity;—nor the temple of justice its awful sanctity. His soul was elevated above the greedy scramble for “fat contentions and flowing fees.” And he would rather have reaped it as the sufficient harvest of his life’s labors,

“ that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans’ tears wept on them,”

than to be praised by the heartless eulogies of the great, or to bequeathe a splendid fortune polluted by the unhandsome dealings and lucrative falsehoods that heaped it together.

"The righteous," lawyer or whatever else by vocation, "is an everlasting foundation." With such a breadth and solidity of character as this, none of us can be surprised to learn that a considerable part of Mr. Clarke's business employments consisted in managing general or particular trusts. Men of discriminating intelligence, and not accustomed to leave their affairs to doubtful keeping, had come to confide large and complicated interests to his charge. They were never deceived nor disappointed. At a period of life when most men are slowly earning confidence, he seems to have sprung at once to its possession. Such confidence imposed labors,—labors that we now sadly suspect were beyond the endurance of even his vital constitution; but it must also have brought along with it rational satisfactions that were a welcome requital to his feelings.

I do not know how to speak much at large, in this public way, of what my friend was in his home. But I remember how many prayers are daily lifted from your mourning sympathies for the dreadful sorrows that are now suffered there; and I know that in this great community of our painful discipline, we ought to be—as a church of Christ, crucified and "made perfect through suffering"—but one household, with one heart.

Besides, in this department of his life, again, as well as the others, I am persuaded that the departed man was an example. If the rightly ordered and Christian family stands at the base of all our social institutions and public safety, he who is "righteous" there is, with special emphasis, "an everlasting foundation."

It needs no very penetrating observation, I suppose, to see that, in whatever makes up the highest spiritual uses of home, we are in some danger of losing. Under much social mixture and outdoor attraction, such as are incidental to metropolitan habits, if not to modern tendencies generally, the sacred inclosures that separate the family from the street, firesides from assemblies, are apt to be sadly broken down, or at least to be worn away by the promiscuous social attrition. Every man, therefore, now-a-days, who makes the most of his own house, appears to me as really a public benefactor. Mr. Clarke was wise, and Christian also, in placing among the distinctive and special objects of life the cherishing of a constant and sincere domestic joy. Whatever he was to the parish, to philanthropic associations, to his profession, he was unspeakably more to that dear circle that is now so bitterly bereaved of its head; but which does, and ever will, make it among the chief

of all thanksgivings, that such a husband and father has blessed it. Whatever services he rendered to the city and community, he knew that he should best attest his allegiance to the Master by being foremost in fidelity to the souls bound to his charge in the closest of all possible endearments. He absolutely revolted from the superficial conceit of imagining that none but public or business cares are worthy of a strong man's solicitude; and that, so the wife and mother rears the children into some decent virtues, the peculiar influence of the husband and father may be spared. The Apostle says more of domestic education to fathers than to mothers, and doubtless because he knew there was more need. To this wise disciple that has gone from us, the beloved spirits in his household transcended in the majesty of their claim all the offices and stations that reputation could offer him. With what a lavish wealth of affection he moved among his kindred,—what a lover of peace and good-fellowship he was,—how he sought to hallow his home by the benignant power and presence of religion,—with what vivacity he entered into the playfulness of childhood,—how hospitably his friendly face pronounced a welcome on his guests,—how thoughtfully and yet buoyantly he went in and out, through these years so early fin-

ished ; — all this I leave you to infer from what you knew of the traits of his wide and loving heart.

But on all this daily and usual tenderness the remarkable scenes of his sickness have set the crown of a mild, holy light. The pure flame that always mounted so hopefully through his health, only rose in a yet calmer and softer radiance, as he wasted, wasted to his end. Of the singular agonies of his disorder,— the alternations of hope and fear it gave to so many throbbing, tender, supplicating breasts, and the frightfully exciting problem it gave to the surgeon's science,— of these be nothing spoken here. But what belongs here by all Christian right is a memorial of his sublime patience. More than nine weeks of incessant anguish assailed, smote, and rent his aching body. Disease did its worst upon him. We talk of the pains of martyrdom, stake, or scaffold, but most of them were outdone in his chamber. Few mortals have to pass out of their earthly tabernacle into their immortality, through more quiverings of the flesh. It was God's mystery, only asking of him and us to say, “Thy will be done!” And he could say it. No ear, leaning however closely, could catch from any whisper or breathing of his conscious hours, protracted almost to the last, one impatient syllable or accent. Even the ordinary and harmless exclamations of faint-

ing nature, either his faith or his thoughtfulness for others suppressed ; and what grandeur in both motives ! No office that could endanger another's welfare would be tolerated by him. Even the sorest buffetings of his malady could not break down, nor crush out, nor intimidate, the Christian courage and serenity of his soul. Glorious victory of the peace that passeth understanding ! our reverence, our gratitude, follows it, with unquestioning homage. When I looked on his calm frame, I felt the power of the Apostle's exhortation anew : " Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer." When I saw his countenance in the sweet repose of death, I knew again, " Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord "; and when I turned to his weeping kindred, I could take up with no misgiving the Redeemer's promise, " In the world ye shall have tribulation ; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. Whosoever believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

If I were to give a separate department of this discourse to reminding you of what Mr. Clarke has been *as a man*, it would be only to illustrate, by various particulars, the great central fact in him, that he was a Christian man, and to enlarge on qualities more or less distinctly alluded to already. There is the less

occasion for this grateful task, because his own life was the frank and perpetual revelation of his character; his clear, unsuspecting, cordial countenance, his whole bearing, revealed it. As I seek to gather sadly up, out of my mourning memory, the sum of those impressions, the whole manifestation of his soul among us has left, I find myself fixing on two paramount characteristics, — first, the utter trustworthiness of the man, and secondly, the compass and symmetry of his excellences. Here, — all seemed spontaneously to confess when they encountered him, even if it were only in the hasty contact of business,—here, at any rate, is a thoroughly reliable soul; here is a sound heart; here are uprightness, candor, truthfulness, with no flaw crossing and weakening their solid grain. *Trusty* is the word that supremely fits him. What a substantial refreshment, what a living force, what a rock of defence, when all else in the slippery world seems to slide away from under us, such a manhood stands! How it bears up the faltering hopes and buttresses the sinking faith of our humanity! “The righteous is an everlasting foundation.”

And the other attribute I chiefly respected in him, both as a comparative rarity and for its absolute worth, was the compass, the variety, of his merits.

In these days, when some one importunate interest or passion is so apt to wrench character into a one-sided, disproportionate development, it is no light joy to confront a thoroughly comprehensive nature,—a manhood liberally constructed, cultured, and adorned. It has not often happened to me,—and this was my frequent judgment of him before death had come to soften that judgment by transfiguring his image,—not often, to meet a person of whom this width of graces and attainments, up to the capability of his organization, could be more safely affirmed. Piety in him was decided and eminent; do not suppose correct morals and outward behaviour were the utmost of his Christianity; he was a praying man; he walked and spoke with his God; he communed with and trusted in a Divine Saviour; and precisely because his was a piety real, and not affected, it flowed into all his doings, enstamped his manners with dignified simplicity, and sweetened his temper. Precisely because it was a pure and consistent type of piety, it was a genial and all-pervading piety; not fitful or effervescent, not spasmodic and uncertain, not gloomy or morose, not morbid any way, but healthful, natural, cheerful: inflexible enough to face the combined temptations and seductions of the world, and human enough to relish all the beauty of

God's creating, and all the sinless gladness in his universe. I feel unutterably indebted to my friend for showing us so broad and symmetrical a pattern of the Christian life. He reminded me of those words of a graphic singer of fine sayings

“ His heart had a look southwards,
And was open to the whole noon of nature.”

It was fitting that his burial should be under the fairest, softest sunlight of our spring ; that music should rise at his funeral, through the house where all his conversation was like a hymn ; that flowers should be sprinkled plentifully over his dust.

You may have been asking for some qualification of this praise. I am not inclined to indiscriminate eulogies. In dealing with a spirit so just and fearless as the one we have been contemplating, I should be least of all moved to any concealment or exaggeration. He could afford the mention of any faults that should be found in him. My cause for omitting any mention of them is, that I do not know what they were. My reason for presuming he had them is the universality of human imperfection.

But his life with us is finished ; a noble life, nobly finished. His witness is sealed. He kept the faith. For us the one mournful fact is, that henceforth we must commemorate him, instead of rejoicing in his

living presence. Our polished shaft has dropped gently out of its place. Let us see to it, in the spirit of his own life, that we do not call his death untimely, nor his holy powers expended. Only the life that wastes its opportunities, and forgets its end, is unfinished. Every valiant and consecrated one is long,—long to memory, long in fruitful blessings, long in the dear keeping of the Father of our race. There is but one way to die the death of the righteous; it is living a righteous life. Character is the only final glory of the world. “The righteous is an everlasting foundation.” Being dead, he yet speaketh. O shame, and sorrow worse than bereavement, if we let a voice so tender, so solemn, vanish unheeded! “For glorious is the fruit of good labors; the memorial of virtue is everlasting; and the root of wisdom shall never fall away.”

DEATH OF MANLIUS S. CLARKE.

[From the Christian Inquirer.]

No man of his years among our laymen could be more lamented than this high-minded, generous, energetic Christian lawyer. He was one of a class of men far too few among us, and the very sorrow caused by his early death will be a godly sorrow to our whole community, if it shall lead our young men to think less of merely worldly name, and more of the name that God most blesses and the Church most gratefully honors.

Mr. Clarke, by his devotion to every Christian cause within his sphere, not only followed his own heart, but also kept his loyalty to the domestic school in which he was trained. His father was the venerable Pitt Clarke, of Norton, Massachusetts, one of the best specimens of our elder liberal clergy. On both sides of the house, alike in the male and female line, his family have served the Church well, and given noble men and women for the edifying of faith and charity. We pray that Heaven's own Comforter may visit and console those who are most nearly and deeply stricken by this bereavement,—alike those who grieve in a desolated home, and those who seek health under foreign skies.

We publish obituary notices from the Christian Register and the Boston Transcript, and also the proceedings of public bodies in Boston in respect to the memory of the deceased.

“ANOTHER PLACE VACANT.

“Just as we go to press, we are called upon to record the departure, in the fulness of young manhood, of a citizen much esteemed and greatly beloved, Manlius S. Clarke. On Wednesday afternoon, 27th ultimo, his spirit left the worn and suffering body, after a long and distressing illness. Already a prominent and highly respected member of an honorable profession, Mr. Clarke found time to give his heart and his mind to truly Christian works. As Superintendent of the Sunday School, the devoted friend of the Children’s Mission, and an active leader or coöoperator in many benevolent and religious movements, he has left a vacancy that

must be painfully felt. But other pens must describe the beauty of his manly, upright, and Christian character, and tell of his truthfulness in the various offices and relations he sustained with such fidelity to principle and such warmth and purity of the affections.

"We may only say, that now another seemingly unfinished earthly life will testify, though in the midst of sadness and grief, to the reality of the immortal life; and that death has sealed and hallowed another example of one who knew how to live here, usefully, cheerfully, and wisely, so as to be ready to live on hereafter. The once active frame, broken and emaciated, is given to the dust, and shall no more be seen making manifest the soul that dwelt within it, so earnestly and truly striving to fulfil its obligations to God and man, its duties as a dweller on earth, and its duties as a pilgrim to the heavenly country. In his fresh maturity — just as he was becoming more and more known, only to be more and more respected and beloved — he has left us. To kindred, to friends, to the community, his release is a mournful event; but then his virtues and the memory of them cannot die, and the grave, that hides the mouldering form from sight, cannot stop the beautiful influence of his spirit and character doing its benign work in the circles in which he moved whilst in the flesh; and thus shall be accomplished again, we trust, the Saviour's benediction, 'Blessed are they that mourn.' " — *Christian Register.*

"The morning papers record the death of this able lawyer and public-spirited citizen. Mr. Clarke had attained high rank in his profession, and but few members of the Suffolk bar, of his age, had promise of a more successful future before them. He enjoyed in a high degree the confidence of his clients, and his great success was based upon the sterling qualities of his character. He was a frank, manly, and high-toned advocate and counsellor, the daily beauty of whose life added a charm and gave power to his professional efforts. Mr. Clarke served in the City Council in 1849–50, with great acceptance. He has since declined various public trusts. He has been one of the most devoted and influential members of the South Congregational Church (Mr. Huntington's), and at the time of his death was Superintendent of the Sabbath School connected with that Society. He has been seriously ill for several weeks, and a very large circle of friends have watched the fluctuations of disease, from day to day, with alternate hope and alarm. Their suspense is ended; and we can truly and sadly say, that our community has lost a sincere Christian citizen, in whom piety, manliness, and all the elements of a vigorous and sterling virtue united to make a noble character. We may well mourn when such men are taken from us." — *Boston Transcript.*

AT a meeting of the Board of Government of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted: —

"Whereas, an all-wise God, in his inscrutable wisdom, has called from our number our beloved associate and brother, Manlius S. Clarke, Esq., an early and constant friend of our Union, and an earnest coöoperator in all its labors; and

"Whereas, in this dispensation, while we mourn the loss of a friend and brother, we recognize the hand of our Heavenly Parent, to whom be-

long the issues of life and death, and who calleth those he loveth to dwell evermore with him ; and

“ Whereas, as colaborers with him in the Government of the Boston Young Men’s Christian Union, we are desirous of expressing our appreciation of his devotedness as an officer, and his character as a Christian and a man : therefore

“ *Resolved*, That, in testimony of our respect for the memory of the deceased, we do hereby extend to his afflicted family our heartfelt sympathy in this bereavement.

“ *Resolved*, That in his death the community at large has lost one ever ready at the call of duty to devote his time and strength to the service of mankind, and the advancement of purity and truth ; and whose life was an example worthy the imitation of every young man who would win the love and esteem of his brethren.

“ *Resolved*, That the members of this Board attend the funeral of our friend and brother.

“ *Resolved*, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.”

For the Board,

GEORGE W. WARREN, President.

AT a very full meeting of the members of the Suffolk Bar, held yesterday morning in the Law Library, Judge Fletcher was called to the Chair, and J. P. Putnam was chosen Secretary.

The following resolutions were offered by William Brigham : —

“ *Resolved*, That we have learned, with great regret, of the death of our esteemed associate at the bar, Manlius S. Clarke, Esq.

“ *Resolved*, That by his talents and industry, though young, he had already become eminent in his profession ; by his integrity and fidelity, he had justly acquired the confidence of this community ; by his benevolent and Christian character, he had gained the respect and affection of all who knew him ; and that we cannot but deplore the early death of one, whose prospects in life were so bright, and upon whom so many hopes and affections clung.

“ *Resolved*, That by his death our profession has lost one of its most useful and promising members, one who was ready at all times to lend his aid to every good work, and whose benevolent heart and benignant countenance gave joy to all with whom he was associated.

“ *Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with the afflicted family of the deceased, and we tender to them such consolations as we find in the recollections of his beautiful life, his patient resignation in sickness, and his Christian death.

“ *Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to present the above resolutions to the Supreme Judicial Court, now in session, and that a copy of the same be sent to the family of the deceased.”

The Chairman, Messrs. William Brigham, Thomas H. Russell, William J. Hubbard, R. H. Dana, Jr., and C. G. Thomas, addressed the meeting, and the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

J. C. Park, the County Attorney, was chosen by the meeting to present the resolutions to the Supreme Judicial Court. The meeting was then dissolved.

J. P. PUTNAM, Secretary.

